For The Weekly Tribane. STORM ON THE COAST.

BY OBO. S. BURLETON.

Wirn long unculations, that heave like the heart of a Titan, Ocmes, surge upon surge, the great pulse of the mighty Atlantic; anger-comes eagerly smiting the rocks in his terribe The jar of the granite, just felt in the tramp of its

only the tremor of courage set arm for the onset Ye should see the long lines of the wares madly

striking the ledges, That stand to their charges like valor unmoved in See the foam of their champing as crashed on the In loud murmurs drowned by the rush of their wilder

Who trample them downward and haste to the same compeers, overwheiming.

The sky darkens down like a scowl on the brow

The sea answers back with a proud gloom of sullen As haughtily grand as the Fiend yet untamed of the And its loud lashing surge roars aloft like the cry of his vengeance

The sea-gulls hang screaming away on the skirts of the tempest, [whirlwind, To the eye like the shreds of a sail that is torn by the To the ear like the shrick of the agonized seamen who perish. and wildly they flutter like souls in the blasts of

How carelessly swing on the curl of the horrible breakers The sea birds, rejoicing as if they were kin to the (billows. Now hurled to the clouds on the spire of the pyramid

Now plunged to the gulfs by the refluent sway of the Unharmed in the dash which had crushed the stout

vessel to splinters : So the weak by their weakness are spared when the

mighty are ruined. The boom of the far waves, hurled shock upon shock to the battle,

Comes shuddering through the loud burst of the nearer concussion, As cannon-roar throbs in the close crash of volleying vexed deep is a tumult with rock, wind and water.

he all the pained air is a roar of incessant commotion Are there spirits abroad, with their shricks startling

earth and the heavens ! Are these the white arms of the skeleton bands of [metal the Ruined, Toesing up through the molten abysses of alchymised

With their groans, with their shricks, and the clash of their fleshless embracings ! O Terror! how hardly the Wise can be calm in his knowledge, fless chimeras When thy vastitude looms in his path with its shape fless chimeras,

How easy the Rude, overwhelmed by thy omniform Can people with demons his terrified soul's Pande-But the ear of the Trusting hears only the psalm of

Progression, The flow and the reflux which vibrate in life ever-His eye sees alone the intwining of harmonized forces, In the dash and recoil, and the whirl of the weltering Seaconnet, R. I.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF JOHN STERLING. By THOMAS CARLEYLE 12 ma. pp. 344. Boston: Philips, Sampson &

In this beautiful and touching biography, Carlyle returns to his old admirers, with the manly nobleness of feeling and softened splendors of expression, which early won from them such a gush of loving homage. With the sweetness and purity of style which is so delightful in the "Life of Schiller," it combines the depth and tenderness of sentiment which pervaded the erratic utterances of "Sartor Resartus." We rejoice that this great master has found an occasion which tempts forth his ancient vein .-Right welcome is that lefty contemplative spirit, discoursing the sweet, sad music of humanity, with none of the fantastic variations which, of later years, have made the "judicious grieve," and chilled the enthusiasm that hailed his ad-

Indeed we regard this volume as deriving its chief interest from the writer, and not from the subject. It is Carlyle rather than Sterling that remains in our memory after completing its perusal. The stronger character makes its own on the materials with which it is occupied. We are willing to accept John Sterling as he is set down in these pages , but his life excites little speculation, is far from being suggestive while the power of Carlyle is shown in every line, provoking the reader to constant reflection. and beguiling him from the history of the as piring poet, to the high and solemn thoughts so impacesively put forth by the biographer. Not indeed, that there is any attempt to play the egotist. Carlyle certainly does not mean to put himself forward at the expense of his friend. His love for him was too sincere for that. With his affectionate devotion to his memory, he is even unconscious of the distance between his own mind and that of Sterling. But no reader can fail to make the comparison, and form a true estimate of their respective positions.

It was natural that these two men should be drawn closely together in spite of the disparity of their endowments. In many respects, Sterling realized Carlyle's ideal. He possessed those qualities, to a very considerable degree, which are at the foundation of the hero-worship of the latter He was a rare instance of genuine manhood; of an earnest, reflective temperament , gaining un common maight by noble freedom of thought perfectly sincere with himself, intolerant of pre tense in others; loving truth with an intensity in proportion to his hatred of shams; with a perennial fund of vivacity; a poetical nature which never tound its fit expression, though it gave the glow of romance to his character; and a self-forgetting constancy of friendship, seldom found among men ;- such a being, brought into the same sphere with Carlyle, must have exerted a magnetic charm over that rugged heart, which, in its scorn of human falsehood, is slow to yield to the attractions of sympathy.

We cannot avoid the conclusion that Sterling will live longer by reason of his connection with Carlyle, than through any element of immortali ty in his own productions. The memory of him was already growing dim; but it cannot now quite fade, with this fresh wreath of evergreen around his tomb.

. The biography of Sterling by Archdeacon Hare though an appreciative and refined performance. was too limited in its scope to do full justice to his character. It dwelt at disproportionate length on his theological tendencies, which it is well known were not free from the charge of heresy, and failed to bring out his larger characteristics as a living, radiant, lafty minded man. Speaking in the person of a correspondent, who is evidently summoned for the nonce from seine branch of the Teufelsdreck family, Carlyle expatiates with sorrowful bitterness on the defects

of his predecessor:

The sin of Hare's Book is easily defined, and not very condemnable, but it is nevertheless rumous to his task as Biographer. He takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling, I find, was a curate for exactly eight months, during eight months and no more had he any special relation to the Church. But he was a man, and had relation to the Universe, for eight and thirty years; and it is in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitors have, that we wish to keep the second transitors have, that we wish to keep the second transitors have, that we wish to keep the second transitors have, that we wish to keep the second transitors have, that we wish to keep the second transitors have, that we wish to keep the second transitors have, that we wish to keep the second transitors have the second tran character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him.

Ris battle with hereditary Church-formulas was proceed but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle, neither, according to my observation of what it wis, is it successfully delineated or summed up in this Book. The truth is, nobody that had known Sterling would recognize a feature of himmener, you would never dream that this Book treated of him at all. A pair sickly shadow in torn serpice is presented to us here weltering be whereed aimid heaps of what you call "Hebrew Old-clothes." wrestling, with impotent impetuosity, to free itself from the buleful imbroglio, as if that had been its one function in life who in this miserable figure would recognize the brilliant beautiful and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his rank affections, inexhaustible hopes, and actives, activities, and general radiativity activity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went. It is too bad, Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends, but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be misg up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for neterodox and orthodox to practice archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-nine article controversies, or miserable Semitic. Anti-semitic street-riots—in scepticisms, agonized self-seekings,—that this man appeared in line, nor as such, if the world still wishes to look at him, should you suffer the world's memory of him no w to be. Once for all, it is unjust, ecophatically untrue as an image of John Sterling perhaps to few men that lived along with him could such an interpretation of their existence be more inapplicable.

Carlyle has done his work in a different spirit. His battle with hereditary Church-formulas was s-

Carlyle has done his work in a different spirit. He goes to the heart of the subject, and presents an image of shining gifts, glorious aspirations, and baffled hopes, which, under his plastic hand, grows up into a monument of sad and pathetic beauty, which is absolutely without a parallel in English biographical literature.

Sterling was born at an old baronial residence called Kaimes Castle, on the isle of Bute. His father, who afterwards arrived at a certain kind of celebrity as the "Thunderer of the Times" newspaper in London, was then experimenting for a livelihood as a sort of gentleman farmer, in a small way, having before thrown up his commission as captain in a marching regiment. Af ter frequent removals, occasioned by the unset tled life of his father, at the age of sixteen, John was sent to the University of Glasgow, in which city his mother had some connections. He remained at that seat of learning one year, when he was removed to Cambridge, in 1824, at the age of eighteen. Here he became acquainted with his subsequent biographer, Julius Hare, who was his tutor at Trinity College. A triendship there sprung up, which continued ever afterward, without any abatement of affection on either side. Mr. Hare pays a warm and heartfelt tribute to the rare gifts, the brilliant ingenuity, the prompt logic, the fervent eloquence, and the admirable disposition of his pupil; while he does not claim for him the character of an exact scholar, or technical proficient in either Greek or Latin literature, though he freely read the best classical authors, both in the ancient and in various modern languages. His studies at the University were of a very discursive nature, not confined to the express arrangements of the place, but launching out into an encyclopedic varicty of reading, speculation, fancies and infer-

But the social circle into which he was introduced at Cambridge doubtless exerted a more powerful influence on the unfolding of his char. acter than any scholastic studies. He was sarrounded with a large and genial band of youthful comrades. Among these were men who have since become eminent for their learning and ability; some of them signalized by their freedom of thought and devotion to liberal ideas. In a club, composed of the choicest spirits then at the University, Sterling took a prominent part. With the usual alacrity of his nature, he became a frank and ardent antagonist of the prevailing hollow and effete traditions. Both in religion and politics, he sided with the redicats, as the name was somewhat loosely applied. " A young ardent soul looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and en ergies in burning up without delay, and sweeping into their native Chaos out of such a Cosmos

Leaving Cambridge in 1827, after a brief University life of two years, Sterling was thrown upon the world with no clear prospect of finding an appropriate sphere of activity. The professions were unsuitable : they to him, he to them Professions, built so largely on speciosity in stead of performance; clogged in this bad epoch. and defaced under such suspicions of fatal imposture, were hateful, not lovable, to the young radical soul, scornful of gross profit, and intent er ideals and human noblenesses." No profession could claim the loyalty of his brilliant, erratic fature. This was the most tragic element of his life. "So swift, light-limbed and fiery an Arab courser ought, for all manner of reasons to have been trained to saddle and harness Roaming at full gallop over the heaths-especially when your heath was London, and English and European life, in the nineteenth century-he suffered much, and did comparatively ittle. There have been few creatures whom it was more wasteful to send forth with the bridle thrown up, and to set to steeple-hunting instead of running on highways."

The only field in which at length he could gain coting was that of literature. All his gifts and tendencies pointed to this wild, anarchic, nomadic sphere. In connection with his college triend, Frederic Maurice, he assumed the charge of the literary newspaper The Athenaum, which had then been recently commenced by the wellknown James Silk Buckingham. His papers in that journal, though crude and imperfect, are singularly beautiful and attractive, pervaded with "the ruddiest glow of young enthusiasm. of noble incipient, spiritual manhood; once more a divine universe unveiling itself in gloom and splender, in auroral fire-light and many-tinted shadow, full of hope and full of awe, to a young, melodious, pious heart just arrived upon it."

The Astenaum did not prove successful on the commercial side, and it was after a while transferred by Sterling to other hands. But he still retained his intimacy with the highly intellectual circle in Lendon, with which he had become a prime favorite. His open, guileless, trusting spirit made him a brother to all noble souls. Rich in cheerful fancies, in grave logic, and in child-like gayety, he was the admiration of a large and variegated circle of acquaintances. His chosen companions were inspired with the same hopeful radicalism with himself, devoting their best energies to political reform, and contemplating root and branch innovation by the

For the present, his and those young people's aim was. By democracy, or what means there are, be all impostures put down. Speedy end to Superstition.—a gentle one if you can contrive it, but an end. What can it profit any mortal to adopt locutions and imaginations which do ass correspond to fact, which no same moral can deliberate. fact; which no same mortal can deliberately adopt in his soul as true which the most orthodox of mortals can only, and this after infinite essentially impeases effort to put out the eyes of his mind, persuade him-self to 'believe that he believes' Away with it in the name of Code and the code of the code

in the name of God, come out of it, all true men. Piety of heart, a certain reality of religious faith, was always Sterling's, the gift of nature to him which he would not and could not throw away; but i find at this time his religion is as good as altogether Ethnic, Greekish, what Goethe calls the Heathen form of religion. The Church, with her articles, is without reliation to him. And along with obsolete spirit-

ualisms, he sees all manner of obsolete thrones and

big wirged temporalities, and for them also can big wirged temporalities, and for them also can prophesy, and wish, only a speedy doom. Doom increased, required in Heaven's Chancery from the beginning of days, doom mailtenable as the pillars of the world, the gods are angry, and all Nature grouns, till this doom of eternal justice or fulfilled.

With gay andacity, with enthusiasm tempered by mockers, as is the manner of young gifted men, this faith, grounded for the present on democracy and hustings operations, and giving to all life the aspect of a chivalrous battle-field, or almost or a gay though perilous tournament, and bout of "A hundred knights against all comers"—was maintained by Sterling and his friends.

Sterling was married in 1830. His wife was a graceful, pious-minded, and affectionate women, who loyally marched by his side through the many changes of his brief pilgrimage. During the next year his name became known to Carlyle for the first time. John Mill, Mrs. Austin and other friends spoke of him with great affect tion and much pitying admiration. " As a gifted, amiable being," characteristically remarks Carcolors, rather than a portrait with features, he hung occasionally visible in my imagination."

patriot, in whose enterprise Sterling had taken the deepest personal interest,-his intercourse with Coleridge, for whom he cherished a sympathizing reverence,-and the failure of cherished hopes for the progress of democratic freedom, now brought on an important spiritual crisis in Sterling's history. He awoke to a new religious sense, and all his faculties of awe and devout hope were aroused into unwonted activity. His letters at this time speak of earnest spiritual strivings, of attempts by prayer and longing endeavor to find his way into the true sanctuary, where his soul could enjoy the wishedfor repose. At this epoch, Sterling fell in with his old tutor, the Reverend Julius Hare, a man of varied accomplishments, and earnest religious feeling, whose influence at this time on the morbidly susceptible mind of his former pupil could not fait to make a deep impression. In consequence of the free communings which they had enjoyed with each other, the purpose, for some time cherfshed by Sterling, of entering into the Church, was quickened into maturity, and with come a clergyman. This step, in the opinion of his biographer, was rash, false, unwise, and unpermitted. Or all the evil lessons which Stering received from his time, this was the worstindeed, it was the apotheosis, the solemn apology and consecration of them all.

The Time, then, with its deliriums, has done its worst for poor Sterling. Into deeper aperration it cannot lead him, this is the crowning error. Happily, as beseems the superlative of errors, it was a large of the control of the co pair, as beseems the superlative of errors, it was a very brief, almost a momentary one. In June 1854, Sterling dates as installed at Herstmonecax, and is finging, as usual, his whole soul into the business, successfully so far as outward results could snew but already in September, he begins to have misgivings; and February following, quits it altogener, the rest of his life being, in great part, a laborious effort of detail to pick the fragments of it off him, and be free of it in soul as well as in title.

Sterling now took up his abode in London ; his health began to show alarming symptoms; he was compelled to make several foreign excursions for its benefit, and on his return established his family at Clifton. His general condition at this time may be seen in the description of his

VISITS TO LONDON At London we were in the habit of experting Ster

At London we were in the habit of expecting Sterling pretty often: his presence, in this house as in others, was looked for once in a month or two, and came always as sunshine in the gray weather to me and mine. My daily walks with him had long since been cut short without renewal, toat walk to bitham and Engeworth's perhaps the last of the kind he and had, but our intimacy, deepening and widening year after year, knew no interruption or a latement of increase, an honest, frank and truly hum in mutual relation, valuable or even invaluable to book parties, and a tasting loss, hardly to be replaced in this world, to the survivor of the two.

His visits, which were usually of two or three days, were always full of business, rapid in movement as all his life was. To me, if possible, he would come in the evening a whole cornicopia of talk and speculation was to be discharged. If the evening would not do, and my affairs otherwise permitted, I had to mount into case with him, fly far and wide, shuttling athwart the big Babel, wherever his calls and pauses had to be. This was his way to husband time! Our talk, in such straitened circumstances, was loud or low as the circumambient groaning rage of wheels and sound prescribed—very foud it had to be in such thoroughfares as London Bridge and Cheapside, but except while he was absent, off, for minutes into some banker's office, lawyer's, station-Cheapside, but except while he was absent of for minutes into some banker's office, lawyer's, station-er's, haberdasher's, or what office there might be, it never paused. In this way extensive strange dia-logues were carried on to me also very strange— private friendly colloquies on all minuter of rich sub-ters, held thus amount the charter hands. Sterets, held thus amid the chaotic roar of things. Sterling was full of speculations, observations and bright sallies . vividly awake to what was passing in right sallies. Vividly awake to what was presented by world glanced pertinently with victorious resurress, without spicen, though often with a dash of mockery, into its Puseyisms, Liberalism, therary Lionisms, or what else the mad hour might be proeing-always prompt to recognize what grain mity might be in the same. He was applient

sanity might be in the same. He was optient in talk, and the rapid movement and vicinsture on such occasions seemed to give him new exemement.

Once, I still remember—it was some years before, probably in May, on his return from Madeira—he undertook a cay's riding with me, once and never again. We coursed extensively overthe Hampstead and Highgate regions, and the country beyond, saintering or galloping through many leafy lanes and pleasant places, in overflowing, ever changing talk and returned down Regent st. at nightfall; one of the cheerfulest days! ever had—not to be repeated, said the Fates. Sterling was charming on such oscasions, at once a child and a gifted man. A serious first you never hissed in him nor indeed had he made depth of real laughter or sense of the lud crous, as I have eisewhere said; but what he had was genuine, free of real aughter or rense of the indicrous, as I have eisewhere said, but what he had was genuine, free and continual, his sparking sailes busbled up as from aerated natural fountains. a mild dash of gayety was native to the man, and had moulded his hysiognomy in a very graceful way. We got once into a cab, about Charing Cross, I know not now whence or well whitherward, nor that our haste was whence or well whitherward, nor that our haste was at all special however, the cabman, sensible that his pace was slowish took to whipping with a steady, passionless, business-like assidinty which, though the horse seemed lazy raiber than weak, became afflictive, and I urged remonstrance with the savage fellow. "Let him alone," answered Sterling, "he is kindling the entausiasm of his horse, you perceive that is the first thing, then we shall do very well," as accordingly we did.

hetreating from the second of the Cufton cli-mate, he spent the winter of the at Falmouth, but it was soon manifest that the friendly hand of death was at work, though slowly, to relieve him from the ungrateful conflicts, which had thus far marked his

iot in life

In April, 1840, he was at his own hearth again observed pursuing his old labors—struggling to receem, as he did with a gallant constancy, the available months and days, out of the wreak of so many that were unavailable, for the business allotted him in this world. His swift, decisive energy of character, the valiant railly he made again and ever again, starting up fresh from annil the wounded, and cheerily storming in anew, was admirable, and showed a noble fund of natural health amid such an element of disease. Somehow one could never rightly fancy that he was diseased that those fatal ever-recutring downbreaks were not almost rather the penalties pand for exuberdince of health, and of faculty for living and working criminal forfeitures, incurred by excess of self-exertion and such irrepressible over-rapidity of incovement, and the vague hope was habitual with us, that increase of years, as it deadened this over-energy, would first make the man secure of life, and a sober prosperous worker emong his follows. It was always as if with a kind of blame that one heard of his being ill again! Poor Sterling—no man knows another's birden these things were not, and were not to be, in the these things were not, and way we had fancied them.

For the three succeeding years, his life was a perpetual buttle with disease; in the beginning of 1843, he met with an accident, which caused the rupture of a blood vessel, and produced a dangerous hemorthage this was soon followed by the loss of both mother and wife at once : the tearful scene we give in his own words, as quoted by Carlyle :

A day or two after this, 'en Good Friday, Iei3,' his Wife got happily through her confinement, bringing him, he writes, 'a stout little girl, who and the Mother are doing as well as possible.' The little girl still lives and does well but for the Mother there was another tot. Till the Menday following she too did altogether well, he affectionately watching ber, but in the course of that day, some change for the worse was noticed, though nething to alarm either the doctors or him, he watched by her bed-

side all night, still without alarm, but sent again in the morning. Tuesday morning, for the doctors,-

beeday morning, April 18th, 1843. His Mother had

Nor will we omit the reflections of Carlyle on this He had loved his excellent kind Mother, as he night and well might in that good heart, in all the auderings of his own, there had ever been a shrine

wanderings of his own, there had ever been a shrine of warm putty, of mother's love and blessed soft affections for him. and now it was closed in the Exernities forevermore. His poor Life-partner too, his other self, who had faithfully attended him so long in all his pigrimings, cheerily footing the heavy bruuous ways along with him, can follow him no farther sinks now at his side. "The rest of your pigrimings alone, O Friend, adieu, adieu." She too is forever hidden from his eyes, and he stands, on the sudden, very solitary simil the tumuit of fallen and falling things. "My little baby girl is doing well, poor little wreck cast upon the seabeach of life. My childen require me torfold now. What I shall do is all

things. 'My little baby girl is doing well, poor little wreck cast upon the seabrach of life. My children require me tenfold now. What I shall do, is all
confusion and darkness.'

The younger Mrs. Sterling was a true good woman, lovus-hearted, willing to do well, and struggling wonderfully to do it amid her langous and inmemities; rescuing, in many ways, with beautiful
female heroism and adroitness, what of ferthirty their
uncertain, wandering, unfertile way of life still left
possible, and cheerily making the most of it. A
genial, pious and harmonious fund of character was
in her, and withat an incolent, half-unconscious
force of intellect, and justness and delicacy or perception, which the chaud acquaintance scarcely ception, which the casual acquaintance scarcely gave her credit for. Sterling much respected her decision in matters literary, often altering and mod-ifying where her feeling clearly went against him and in verses especially irusting to her ear, which was excellent, while he knew his own to be worth in the I remember her melodious such, plaintive tone of voice and an exceedingly bright smile which she sometimes had, effulgent with sunny gay

ety and true humor, among other qualities.

Sterling has lost much in these two hours how much that has long been can never again be for him. Twice in one morning, so to speak, has a mighty wind smitten the corners of his house, and much lies in dismal ruins round him. Here is another scene in the sail tragedy, while

arling was passing a few days in London. We had our fair share of his company in this in all past ones; but the intercourse, I reco copiously, and our friends, Theodore Parker one of trem, were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one's memory, and haif-consciously in one's naticepations, sad as if one haid been during in a rum, in the crypt of a maisoleum. Our conversation was waste and logical, I forget quite on what, not joyful and haimoniously effusive. Stering's sitent satiness was painfully appears through the bright mask he had bound himself to wear. Withat one could notice now, as on his last visit, a certain steriness of mood, unknown in better days, as it strange pergon-faces of carnest Destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for sport were past. He looked always hurried, accupt, sport were past. If

We are now impedly drawing to a close.

In this manner he wore the slow doomed mouths away. Day after day his little period of Library west on waning, shrinking into less and less but I think it never allogether ended till the general end came. For courage, for active audiacity we had all known Sperling, but such a fund of mild stoicism, of devout patience and heroic composure, we did not hitherto know in min. His suiferings, his socrows, all his unutterabilities in this slow agony, he held right manually down, marched loyally, as at the hidding of the Eternal, into the dread Kingdoms, and no voice of weakness was heard from him. Poor noble Sterling, he had struggled 40 high and gained so little here! But this also he did gain, to be a brave man, and it was much.

Summer passed into Autumn. Sterling's earthly businesses, to the last detail of thom, were now all as good as cone. his strength too was wearing to its end, his daily turn in the Library shrunk now to a span. He had to hold hunself as if in readiness for the great voyage at any moment. One other letter I mist give, not quite the last message I had from Sterling, but the last that can be inserted here, a brief Letter, fit to be for ever memorable to the receiver of it. We are now rap dly drawing to a close.

\* To Thomas Carigle, Esq. Cheisea, Landa "To Thomas Carriele, Law, Caciera, London, "Hilling, Vennos, August 10th, 1841.

My Dean Canture.—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words, nerely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkney, without say thought of fear, and with very moch of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. With regard to You. any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write, having nothing for it but to keep shirt the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards. England that no man has been and done like you. Heavenbiess you! If I can lend a hand when right, that will not be wenting. It is all very strange, but not one-hundredth part so and as it seems to the standars by "Your Wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe it without asseverations." It was a bright sunday morning when this Lefter came to me if in the great Cathedral of Immonstry I did no worship that day, the fault surely was not my own. Sterling affectionately refused to see me, which also was kind and wise. And four days before his death, there are some stanzas of verse for me, written as if in star-fire and immonstal tears, which are among my sacred possessions, to be kept for myself alone.

his business with the world was done; the one Say God is great." The Maurices were now con-stantly near him Mrs. Maurice assidiously watch-ing over him. On the evening of Wednesday, the list of September, his Brother, as he did every two or three days, came down found him in the old temper, weak in strength but not very sensibly weaker, they taked calmly together for an hour-then Anthony left his bedside, and retired for the night, but expecting any change. But suddeals, about eleven o'clock, there came a summons and about eleven o'clock, there came a summons and alarm hurrying to his Brother's room, he found his Brother dying; and in a short while more the faint last struggle was ended, and all those struggles and strenuous often-foined endeavors of eight and thirty years lay hushed in death.

The character of John Sterling is best described in the brief, abrupt sketches of the biographer. HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

figure, perhaps an inch or two from six feet in hight of bionice complexion, without color, yet not pale of sickly dark-bonde hair, copious enough, which he issually wore short. The general aspect of him indicated freedom, perfect spontaneity with a certain natural grace. In his apparel, you could notice, he affected dim oclors easy shapes cleanly always, yet even in this not fastidious or conspicuous he sat or stood, oftenest, in loose sloping postures waited with long strides, body carelessly bent head fring eagerly forward, tight hand perhaps grasping a care, and rather by the middle to swing it, than by the hand to use it otherwise. An attitude of frank, cheefful impetuosity, of hopeful speed and alacity which indeed his physiognomy, on all sides of it, offered as the chief expression. Alacrity, velocity, joyous ardor, dwelf in the eyes too. thaps an inch ortwo from six feet in hight ife, rapid and frank rather than deep or strot mile, half of kindly impatience, half of real onen sat on his face. The head was long high over the verter in the brow, of fair breadth, but not high for such a man.

HIS MORALITIES.
In purity of character, in the so-called moralities In purity of character, in the so-called moralites, in all manner of proprieties of conduct, so as teatables and other human tribunals rule them, he might be defined as perfect, according to the world's pattern in these outward tangible respects, the world's criticism of him must have been praise and that only. An honorable man, and good citizen, discharging, with unblamable correctness, all functions and duties hald on him by the customs (mores) of the society he lived in, with correctness and something

clear and perfect fidelity to Truth wherever found, in childike and solderlike, pious and valiant lovalty to the History, and what of good and evit that might the like of this, but shently and terribly account improus, biasphemous and damnable, and now heresoftee will visualt as such. Not a rebel his son, I said withing to sufer when lieuven said, I's shalt - and within what is perhaps rarer in succombination, willing to rejoice also, and rischerily taking the good that was sent, whensoe the property of the property of

cheerity taking the good that was sent, whensoever or in whatever form it came.

HIS ELISTORS NATURE.

A prows soul we may justly call him devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things: the highest and sole essential form which Religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and a delusion in man. Doubless, in so clear and filial a heart there must have dwelt the perennial feeling of silent wership, which year feeling, as we have seen, he was eager enough dwelt the perennial feeling of silent wership, which stent feeling, as we have seen, he was eager enough to express by all good ways of interance, zealously adopting such appointed forms and creeds as the Dignitaries of the World had fixed upon an solemninamed recommendable prostrating his heart in such thurch by such accredited rituals and seemingly fit or half-fit methods, as his poor time and country had to offer him—not rejecting the said methods till they stood convicted of palpable unitness, and then dwing it right gently withal, rather letting them drop as pittably dead for him, than angity hurting them out of doors as needing to be killed. By few Englishmen of his epoch had the thing called Caurch of England been more loyally appealed to as a spiritual mother.

mother.

And yet, as 1 said before, it may be questioned whether piety, what we call devotion or worship, was the principle deepest in him. In spite of his Coleridge discipleship, and his once headlong operations following thereon, I used to judge that his piety was prompt and pure rather than great or intense that on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. His reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved reserving, or seemed to deserve it but he was deepest element of him. His reverence was arised and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it but he was of too joyful, light and hoping a nature to go to the deaths of that feeling, much more to dwell perenally in it. He had no fear in his composition, terror and awe did not blend with his respect of any thing. In no scene or epoch could he have been a Church Saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have worn out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine looking at the 'three ells' of Heaven high overhead. In sorrow he would not dwell, all sorrow he swiftly subdued, and shook away from him. How could you have made an Indian Fakeer of the Greek Apollo, 'whose bright ore lends brightness, and never yet saw a shallow!' I should say, not religious reverence, rather aribitic admiration was the essential character of him, a fact connected with all other facts in the physiognomy of his life and self, and giving a tragic enough character to much of the history he had among us.

Four Sterling, he was by nature appointed for a Poet, then —a Poet after his sort, or recognizer and delineator of the fleautiful, and not for a Priest at all! Striving towards the sunny heights, out of such a level and through such an element as ours in these days is, he had strange aberrations appointed him, and pamful wanderings amid the miserable gaslights, bog-fires, dancing meteors and putrid paos phorescences which form the guilance of a young human soul at present! Nor till after trying all maner of sublimely alluminated places, and finding that the basis of them was putridity, artificial gas and quaking bog, did he, when his strength was all done, ciscover his time sacred hid, and passionately climb thither while life was fast clothing!—A tragic history, as all histories are; yet a gallant, brave and noble one, as not many are. It is what to a radiant son of the Muses, and tright messenger of the harmonious Wisdoms, this poor World,—If he himself have not strength chough, and mertia enough, and amid his Wisdoms, this poor World,—if he himself have not strength enough and meria enough, and and his harmonious eloquences silence enough,—has provided at present. Many a high-striving, too-hasty stall, steking guidance towards eternal excellence from the official Black-artists, and successful Professors of political, ecclesiastical, philosophical, commercial, general and particular Legeriemann, will recognize his own history in this image of a feliow sales in the second s prigrim's.

TENDENCY OF HIS WEITINGS
In Sterime's Writings and Actions, were

In Sterling's Writings and Actions, were they capable of heing well read, we consider that there is for all true hearts, and especially for young abobe seekers, and strivers toward what is highest, a mirror in which some shadow of thomselves and of their immeasurably complex arena will profitably present reelf. Here also is one encompassed and stringgling even as they now are. This man also had said to himself, not in mere Catechism words, but with all his instincts, and the question thrilled in every nerve of him, and pulsed in every drop of his blood: "What is the chief end of man." Behold, I too would live and work as beseens a denize not his Universe, a child of the Highest God. By what means is a noble life still possible for me here! Ye Heavens and thou Earth, oh, how!" The history of this long-continued prayer and endeavor, lasting in various figures for near forty years, may now and for some time coming have something to say to men! me coming have something to say to men

og outbirth of the Infinite, rapidly passing from mortal case, not allowed time to achieve what men call greatness, but attaining a loftier hight in the pure wership of Truth and the devout recognition of all generous and genial Humanities! "Released from his toils before the hottest of the day, he lives bright and ever young in the memory of others that must

NEW-MEXICO.

Murder of Americans-Contested Election of Delegates-Indian Affairs-Temperance Society-Business in Santa Fe.
rrespondence of The N. Y. Tribune
Santa Fe, N. Mexico, Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1851.

In my last letter to you, of date the 4th instant, I stated that upon the 1st instant, the day appointed for the election of Delegate to Congress, three Americans had been killed at Los Ranchos, near Albuquerque. I will now give you the particu iars of two most brutal murders which were committed at that piace. On the day of election a number of Americans belonging to the Independent party went to the polls at Los Ranchos for the pur pose of voting, when their votes were refused. They then repaired to Albuquerque and presented themselves at the polls there, and their votes were refused on the ground that it was not their proper precinct. They again returned to hos Ranchos, and guin their votes were refused. A scuffle then took place between Mr. Candida Ortiz and one of the Judges, which ended in a general fistious fight. in the meant me the Prefect, or County Judge, Ambro sio Armigo, who was at Los Ranctos, ordered out a number of armed men he had in readiness for any event. These wretches, eager for the fray, rushed to the scene of disturbance, when the leader of them, a friend of the Prefect, ordered them to kill all the foreigners, meaning the Americans, and he would te responsible. A scene of violence then began, shot flew like hall stones, knives and sticks were sed in numbers, and the poor Americans, being only in in number, retreated to the houses and carrais ten in number, retreated to the houses and christs as fast as they could, but not before one of their number was shot dead, and xeveral severely if not mortally wounded. A young man by the name of Edward Burtnett, just honorably discharged from the United States Army, and at the time on his way home, was the individual who was shot dead. The scene has been idescribed as awful, the yells and imprecations of the vindictive and exulting Mexicans might be heard for miles around. But the most savage act occurred when poor Burtnett was shot, the Mexicans fell on him and stripped him of everything he had on but his shirt, and afterward, to satisfie their fencish revenge, shot the corpse through the eye. The father of the murdered young man lives in Wilsiamsturgh, N. T. The Americans were all afterward made prisoners, and confined in jail till

eye. The bether of the murdered young man lives in Wildiamsturgh, N. T. The Americans were all afterward made prisoners, and confined in juil till released under a writ of habeas corpus.

An invest gation was commenced at Albuquerque in regard to the above affair, when the Prefect, Armugo, refused to appear, and did all he could to stop the proceedings. Even our Saint-like Mormon Associate Judge of this Terratory refused to go down to his District and investigate the matter. Mr. Tuly and the late lamented Skinner (whose brutal murder labell relate) were sent down to Alyquerque to as-

is the late ismented Skinker (whose brutst murder I shall relate) were sent down to Alvoquerque to as-sist at the inquiry on behalf of the Americans. "Although my soul shudders at the recollection and shrinks back with grief, I will be im my mournful tale." On the 23d instant Mr. W. C. Skinner prostake." On the 23d instant Mr. W. C. Skinner proceeded to Los Ranchos, upon some business, and entered the store of one Juan C. Armigo, when some hard words passed between Armigo and Skinner Mr. Schad scarcely left Armigo's store, when he was attacked by a number of peons belonging to the latter, and brutally murdered. His head was horribly mashed, and his whole body dissigned by the savages. It is said that Armigo tota its peons, when Skinner was going out of his store, to "knock him," and "kill him." Armigo says that he himself killed Skinner, in relf-defense, but the fact that wen Skinner was found dead by his friends he had his pistol in its sheath, proves the assertion of Armigo to be false. Be it as it may, it was a foul and savage murder, and the perpetrators should receive condigupunitabinent. You may form some idea of what there Mexicans are from the fact that some of poor Skinner's hair was found in his own pocket.

William C. Skinner, the victim of a savage horde,

was a native of Connection, and universally esteem as here as a useful and enverorizing citizen. He was a nember of our Territorial Legislature, and was

ect of those brutal inurders, a meeting was called in the Plaza, and a series of resolutions were pass-

where the inhuman murders of the inhuman murders ett and Wilham C. Samura and long a resident in useful, valued and public useful, valued and public.

all the informs can be punished, since it is behe

nauch a country as New-Mexico to

thing like law and druler and that we being the manderest to exhips punishment.

That we call upon all mean residing in this Territory, without distinction of waits in, Meancass, whether critices of the United States of not. American or beckings, who are friendly to the Government of the United States, who desire the preservation of law and order, who about maisrule and annealy, to join with us in the feelings, purpose last aims expressed in the foregoing resolutions.

I think that the animal erresions on our old Governor are entirely uncalled for, and although I do not concur with the Governor in his pro-slavery opinions, yet I believe and and know that he is not capable of countenancing such attrocious murders as have been recently committed in Burnalillo County. The morning after the news arraved, the Governor, accompanied by Chief Justice Baker, Mr. Morren and Attorney General Vest, left for Los Ranchos and we now await their actival for further particulars. Robert T. Brent, H. N. Smith and others, also went cown on the part of Skipner's friends to institute in-

keepert T. Brent, H. N. Smith and others, also went cown on the part of Skinner's friends to institute incurry into the whole affair.

In regard to the unpleasant state of affairs here, i cannot help quoting from a paragraph in The Gazette educe by Mr. Kiphart, of Ohio: "The grand difficults of almost all politicians seems to be that they have a certain set of atcreotyped political notions to which they know no modification or variance, and which they think must certainly be applicable to all people and uncer all circumstances. It is needless for disto say that the first of these notions is that all things must be made to subserve personal and party aggrandizement," and in carrying out these notions I think our good old Governor has eried, for in this country, he has quite another elass of people to deal with than in his own State of Georgia."

of people to deal with than in his own State of Georgia."

The remains of Skinner are expected here this week, and the funeral will be the most interesting that has ever taken place in this Territory.

The election of Delegate to Congress will be strends say that he has been elected by a legal majority of 300 votes over his opponent, Weigntman, who has, however, received the certificate of election, and has gone to Washington. Major Weightman's conduct, to ray the least of it, is highly censurable. Sent out here this Summer as an Indian Agent, at the expense of the country, and of course expected to discharge the duties of Agent, he goes electioneering, and now returns to Washington. Major Wingfield is in the same predicament. Sent out here also as an Agent he has done nothing since his arrival but losa about Santa Fe, and now returns to Washington, instead of going to his red Children, the sweet-secrited Navagoes. And now that a post is about to be established in the Navagoe country, it is very recessary that an agent should be there it is very Lecessary that an agent should be there to treat with our savage neighbors, who have committed more depredations than any other Indians in

have imposed upon the Government and the country is it right and just that public servants smould thus desert their duty for the purpose of furthering the political aggrandizement of some friend! I think not and the people of the United States will think

It is said that Major Wingfield has gone on to sup-

It is said that Major Wingfield has gone on to support Weightman, and that Justice Baker will soon follow, but as both of them have been but a short time here and know nother, but what they hear of the people, they will be able to give no correct information in the question that will arise between Reynolds and Weightman.

The respected Mr. Greiner, par excellence poet, and Col. Wooley, have both repaired to the scene of their labors among the Apaches and Utahs.

The most unbounded fraud was practuced at the Elections, and the poll-books kept in a most unusual manner. I was down the country lately, and in my conversation with Mexicans, would ask them what their politics were, when I almost invariobly received the response, Quice sale? The Mexicans are supremely ignorant, and generally do as their masters command them, more than the half of them being peons.

ing peons.
Captain Reynolds, U. S. A., has just returned from the Navajoe country. He is in good health and spirits, and will leave here for the States in about ten cays, in company with our late respected Circuit Judge, Mr Houghton, and J. N. Quinn, of Taos. From Captain R. I have learned that the new post in the Navajoe country, is established at Canon Bonito, within twenty miles of Chalit, the great stronghold of the Navajoes. Major Bacus, a meritorious officer of the infantry, is in command. Col. Summer and of the Navajors. Major Bacus, a meritomous officer of the infantry, is in command. Col. Sumner and the dragoons, consisting of four companies, proceeded to Challi and hence to the St. Juan, to examine the country, and try if possible to overtake the Indians, who are flying off in all directions and treat with them. From all the information we can learn here. I think that this expedition wiff he a failure, and a very decided one at that. The Government animals are nearly if not suturely broken down.

The system of economy directed by the Secretary of War has been carried out to the letter by Colonel Summer, and the old Colonel, in order to show the Department that he can reduce the expenditures in New Mexico, sarrifices the best animals by refusing to issue forage which could be easily and cheaply obtained, in fact, a great quantity is now in store at Lorgoona and Zuni, which, if fed to the animals, would have saved many that have died and broken down. The news from Union Fort—the fort just established near Moro—is also unfavor able to the new system. Soldiers are deserting able to the new system. Soldiers are deserting from the latter post in great numbers, and those who remain do all they can to break up the farming implements, and so forth. Such a system as is now being carried out is incompatible with discipline. It cannot be expected that the poor devils who have engaged in the honorable profession of arms for Uncle Sam for five years, can be soldiers and farmers at the same time.

and farmers at the same time.

A Temperance Society has just been formed here at the head of which its our able and crusite Chief Justice Baker, Attorney-General E. P. West, Rev. Mr. Nicolson, Rev. Mr. Kiptrant, and other respectable citizens. En passant, I cannot help remarking the change which sometimes takes place here in the conduct of some who come out here from the States. They seem to throw off all restraint and act in Intemperance the part the Frenchman acts in politics. Business is uncommonly dull here and money very scarce. The weather, which in the beginning of Summer was very dry has of late been very wet—so much so that it was feared that this town of Holy. Faith would be washed away. Rev. Mr. Reid, late U. S. Chaplain, and J. L. Collins, a respected resident of this city, left posteriday for the States. Mr. Collins, who was in command of Doniphan's Simous express to Gen. Taylor, is the bearer of a copy of the resolutions passed here to be presented to the President.